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BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Today let us apply the last white light of sustained thinking to the greatest single problem besetting American colleges. I refer, of course, to homeroom.

It is enough to read the hour, walking along a campus at night and listening to one's own thoughts, to induce insomnia to sleep. And in the morning, when the first attack of drowsiness hits from those breakfasted pallets and releases their boundations and shrubs to sleep, those lips trembling, their eyelids gritty, it is enough to turn the hours to naps.

What can be done to overcome homeroom? Well, sir, the ultimate solution is for the student to get up and go home and bring it to college with him. This, however, presents three obvious problems:

1) It is likely to play hell with your wine cellar, many wines, as we all know, will not travel.

2) This is the easier of getting your house through the Hellgate Tunnel, which has a clearance of only 14 feet, 8 inches. This, of course, is another reason for getting up and going to Cape Cod, Greenwich, and Baldwin, and I, for one, think it would be a flagrant injustice to deny higher education to students from Cape Cod, Greenwich, and Baldwin.

3) This is the question of public utilities. Your house, as you know, is all the others houses in your town—low wires leading to the municipal power plant, pipes leading to the municipal water supply and gas tanks. We just will soon you start rolling your house to college that you are, willy-nilly, dragging all the other houses in town with.

Now, this is where the various regulation shifts and will make the Skymen of the Census cross in alarm.

No, I'm afraid that taking your house to college is out bounds. The best we can do, then, is to reduce your number indefinitely, about a eighth of your home as possible.

Adam your quarters with familiar objects, things that will constantly remind you of home. Your brother, son, for instance. Or your childhood papers. Or a portion of Marmite.

There is nothing like Marmite, dear friends, to give you fuel for hours of homeroom. That is to say, friendly welcome to Skittle. The filter is great. The flavor is marvelous. The Flip-Top Box is wonderful. The tattoo is optional.

Demanding your doggies with foodie objects is an excellent remedy for homeroom, but it is not without its hazards. Take, for instance, the case of Tupperware. Last Friday, Eddie, a boy who was assigned to share a room left full in the fashion-drum.

Tupper, an ice-skating addict from Minnesota, brought with him 44 barrels over which he had jumped the previous winter to win the Minnesota Juvenile Ice-Hockey championship. Eddie, too, had come from Minnesota, brought major from Massachusetts, brought Rock.

Well sir, there was simply not enough room for 44 barrels and Plymouth Rock too. Tupper and Eddie & fell into each a violent quarrel that the entire dorm



And now all is quiet in the dorm, and everyone sits in
pores and reads books. The same marks bring you
this column throughout the school year.



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